Masked

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11423448.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Verse, Alpha/Omega, Season 3 AU, surprise heat, Prison Sex, masked sex, Happy Ending, Murder Husbands, Mating, Claiming, Bonding, Mating Cycles/In Heat
Language:	English
Series:	Part 24 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 15 of Tiger's canon(ish) Hannigram fics
Collections:	#SummertimeSlick
Stats:	Published: 2017-07-06 Words: 2,115 Chapters: 1/1

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by TigerPrawn

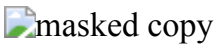
Summary

for #SummertimeSlick prompt: Surprise Heat

Season 3 AU where the events of Mizumono unfolded a little differently and resulted in Hannibal's arrest. Now in the BSHCI, he unexpectedly goes into heat and there is only one alpha the FBI trust to handle it.

Notes

posting pretty much dead on midnight this end for the 7th - Surprise Heat. I would post during the day but the gendercare clinic had a cancellation and my appointment was bumped up from October to tomorrow, so I will be in London hoping to get assessed and put on the path to hormones and top surgery!!! Wish me luck!!



Will ignored Chilton's smile.

Creep.

He had no doubt the beta was getting a strange enjoyment from this. Not least being able to add this to the *Hannibal the Cannibal* gossip he no doubt already regaled equally repulsive friends and acquaintances with.

"When did it start?" Will asked, his jaw clenching with something between anxiety and anticipation.

"Last night."

"You waited almost a whole day?" Will ground out the words angrily.

"We had to be sure he wasn't faking in order to attempt an escape or attack the staff." Chilton added a wave of his hand to the dismissive tone. "From his age and lack of bonded mate we assumed his days of going into heat were behind him. Otherwise we'd have made more suitable arrangements of course."

"Of course." Will spat, each one of Chilton's words grating on him.

No they had never bonded. And hadn't he heard from just about everyone how lucky that had been when Hannibal was discovered to be the Chesapeake Ripper? How thankful he should be that he hadn't attached himself to such a flawed and damaged omega?

And yet here he was at the bidding of some of those same people. Because there was no way they could let a service alpha deal with the manipulative psychiatrist. They needed someone who Hannibal wouldn't be able to manipulate or coerce. Someone who knew all his tricks and could recognise when they were being played. And Will Graham, who had so expertly played Hannibal himself, was perfect for the job.

Had he thought about it? Maybe a little too much. When he had set out to seduce Hannibal's inner beast and ended up seducing his own. That primal part within him that Hannibal saw and called to. That part the omega drew out and that had Will doing more than was necessary to enact entrapment. He crossed the line. Several times. Though never this far before, yes he'd thought about it.

But no, they had never bonded so it seemed the agent could remain impassive. Clearly the connection there was not one that would have resulted in bonding as far as the FBI was concerned. He could be trusted to do this. Imagine the scandal there would have been if they had bonded! After all a bonded mate could have invoked the antiquated right of ownership over the omega and been trusted with his charge rather than imprisonment…

Will cleared his throat, his jacket and tie suddenly seeming too warm. His mind racing over regrets he shouldn't have.

“Let's get this over with.” he huffed the words and ignored Chilton’s grin. Ignored the beta completely and started towards the office door when Chilton came around the desk holding something out to him.

Will turned.

“you'll have to wear this.” there was a gleam of twisted pleasure in Chiltons eyes as he handed Will the mask. Plastic, vented and strapped. “We wouldn't want you going into rut and accidentally bonding with the good doctor.”

Will refused to feel the intended humiliation if only for the knowledge that this wasn't actually a bad idea. He snatched the mask from Chilton’s hands before pulling open the door and striding out into the belly of the BSHCI.

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“Will.” Hannibal scented him and looked up immediately, only his wild eyes and the sheen to his skin giving away his condition. So composed, as usual. A strong and powerful beast that Will could have made his. He regretted that now.

“Hannibal.” Will greeted. “How are you?” He kept his tone level but his jaw clenched seeing the omega behind the plastic wall, scenting him through the holes in the barrier. Thick and sweet and calling to him.

“I’ve been better.” Hannibal’s lips twitched and Will smiled.

“Yes, well. I’m here to help with that.” It was so hard to keep the feeling from his voice, though at least a little easier than the effort he was putting into stopping himself trying to claw through the wall to get to the omega.

“I was informed. Thank you. I know you don’t have to do this.” And yet his eyes told the truth of it. Will didn’t *have* to. He *needed* to. Hannibal would see that quite clearly.

A door to the side opened within Hannibal’s cell and he stood rigid, his hands behind his back as the orderlies moved in.

“No trouble now doctor Lecter.” One of them muttered and Hannibal nodded with a pleasant smile.

“Of course not.”

Will saw Hannibal flinch as he was touched - the orderly securing the mask, white as his jumpsuit, to the omega.

“For your safety.” Chilton told Will.

Will tensed in response to Hannibal being touched. Hannibal’s skin must ache. He wanted to whimper but held it back. He couldn’t let himself go into rut.

“When you’re ready.” Chilton indicated the door across the way that presumably lead around and into the cell. “We would normally move the inmate to the private conjugal cells, but I’m sure you can understand that we can’t allow the risk with such a dangerous man. We will of course only monitor the sound, for your own safety. Cameras will be off and please… do put on the mask.” the smug tone and proximity to the delicious scent Hannibal was exuding - begging for the claiming - made him want to punch Chilton in the throat.

But instead he pulled up the mask and let an orderly strap it on before leading him through the doors.

They stood and waited as Chilton and the orderlies vacated. Will followed Hannibal’s gaze to see he was watching a wall mounted camera, waiting. And then the red light blinked off.

*

They had never been this frenzied before.

Both Will’s shirt and Hannibal’s jumpsuit were torn and discarded. Will barely fumbled his trousers down before he had the omega bent over the desk in the centre of the cell, fucking into him with abandon until the had both cum and his knot tied them together.

“I’ve missed you…” Will all but whispered next to Hannibal’s neck as he lay over him, pressing him to the desk.

Hannibal whimpered almost inaudibly, his control slipping as his heat-addled body responded to his alpha’s ministrations. Will knew how comforting Hannibal found being held down, being covered - he was sure during his heat this was even more the case.

“I… didn’t think you would say that.” Hannibal managed to force the words.

“Neither did I.” Will admitted. He paused, wanting to press kisses into the omega’s skin but hindered by the mask he wore. “I told you to run…”

“I’ve never been accustomed to taking the orders of alphas.” Hannibal sounded almost amused and Will shook his head. How things could have been different. If only he had gotten to the house before Jack. If only Hannibal had been able to hold his own against the bulky alpha. If only Hannibal had run. “I couldn’t…” the omega finally whispered.

“I know.” Will answered sorrowfully. He pressed the plastic mask against Hannibal’s neck, feeling the trickle along his skin of the condensation where he wished he could feel flesh.

The reason Hannibal hadn’t run had become clear when Will arrived at the house a little after Jack’s backup, to see Hannibal being lead away bloodied and in cuffs, and Abigail wrapped in a foil blanket.

“How is she?” Hannibal asked with no little feeling. The feeling of an omega who took in a child he thought of as his own.

“She’s fine. She misses you too.” The words almost came out on a sob. Thoughts of the family they might have been.

They were silent then until the knot deflated and released them. Hannibal didn't seem as bad as Will thought he might have been, and despite the desperation of their initial coupling they moved to the small bunk as Will finished undressing. Hannibal lay on his back, thighs wide as he held out his arms for Will to lay with him. Will quirked a brow. He hadn't been with many omegas in heat, but the urge for them to present and be taken that way was often overwhelming. Lecter's self possession and control was remarkable, but even so…

Will went to the omega, both naked now but for the masks they wore. He settled between Hannibal's thighs, his cock already beginning to harden again at the scent. It wasn't as pungent as he expected it might be, but enough to draw a response from his body.

"Will…" Hannibal sighed out his name, barely audible. It was longing but not desperate.

"Hannibal?" Will was suddenly very conscious of their conversation being listened to, who knew how good their equipment was, how quietly they'd have to speak to avoid it.

There was a glint in Hannibal's eyes - amusement, cunning.

Will knew then - Hannibal was not in heat.

Hannibal's lips twitched into a smile as he saw the realisation dawn. He pulled Will close and whispered into his ear. "This was the only way. It took some time for the drugs to take effect. Claim me, Will. I know you want that. You want us, our family."

He did. Oh, god he really did.

Will growled as he hyked up Hannibal's legs and pushed into him once more. They both groaned as they collapsed into each other, masks clashing as they tried to nip at each other through the plastic barriers.

"Hannibal…" Will moaned as he moved - deep and slow thrusts as they rocked together.

"Alpha…" came the response, making Will tense and fuck harder until they were both gasping.

Hannibal's scent seemed to wrap around him as the omega's arms moved up. Will could hear the sound of the metal latches on his mask being undone echoing around the sterile room. In the back of his mind he should care about that, but all he cared about was the cool air hitting his face as the mask hit the floor.

"Do it… alpha… claim me." Hannibal moaned the words out as Will set a punishing rhythm.

Desperation clawed at him now. He needed his omega in every way.

Will's knot started to inflate once more as he rested his teeth against Hannibal's damp neck. Finally. Finally.

He took in the scent - no heat now he was close enough to discern. A ruse in the scent.

Clever, manipulative, beautiful omega.

He thrust his knot past Hannibal's tight rim as he clamped his teeth down, barely hearing the distant shouts of voices over the sound of Hannibal's cry.

He drew back a little, then nuzzled at the bloodied wound. When he finally drew back further he leaned in to kiss Hannibal. He wanted the omega's mouth but settled for smearing blood across the white mask with his lips and tongue as Hannibal groaned. They both came, shuddering against each other before collapsing into the crook of each other's necks.

*

It had taken a few minutes after their bonding for the hum of the blood in his veins to die down enough to understand what was happening. A buzz of distant voices had clarified into angry shouting - Chilton. Barked demands - orderlies.

Both Will and Hannibal had looked up from the bunk trying to focus on the room around them. The orderlies stood at a safe distance, holding restraints and waiting. Waiting of course because it would be at least another twenty minutes that they remained tied together. They had been pulled apart then and Will had been escorted from the room whilst Hannibal grinned.

Chilton was no longer grinning.

He slammed a medicine bottle down on his desk. "Synthesizers. A low dose… goddamn." his angry tone was a joy to hear. "Someone is losing their job for this. I was told it was a prescription for a hereditary condition."

Will couldn't help the faint smile. He felt calm, serene. He was happy to be ranted at about how his omega had been so cunning as to fool the state hospital for the criminally insane, into feeding him a drug that would result in a synthetic heat.

Chilton went silent and narrowed his eyes. "I expected more from you, Graham."

Will let out a chuckle at that but chose not to respond, saying instead - "I'll be filing the court papers in the morning to have Hannibal released to me as his alpha." He turned to walk out of the office then stopped, turning back and holding up the mask he had worn. "Do you mind if I keep this? As a momento?"

Chilton blanched and Will didn't wait for an answer, exiting and closing the door behind him a moment before he heard the clatter of a medicine bottle hitting it.

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